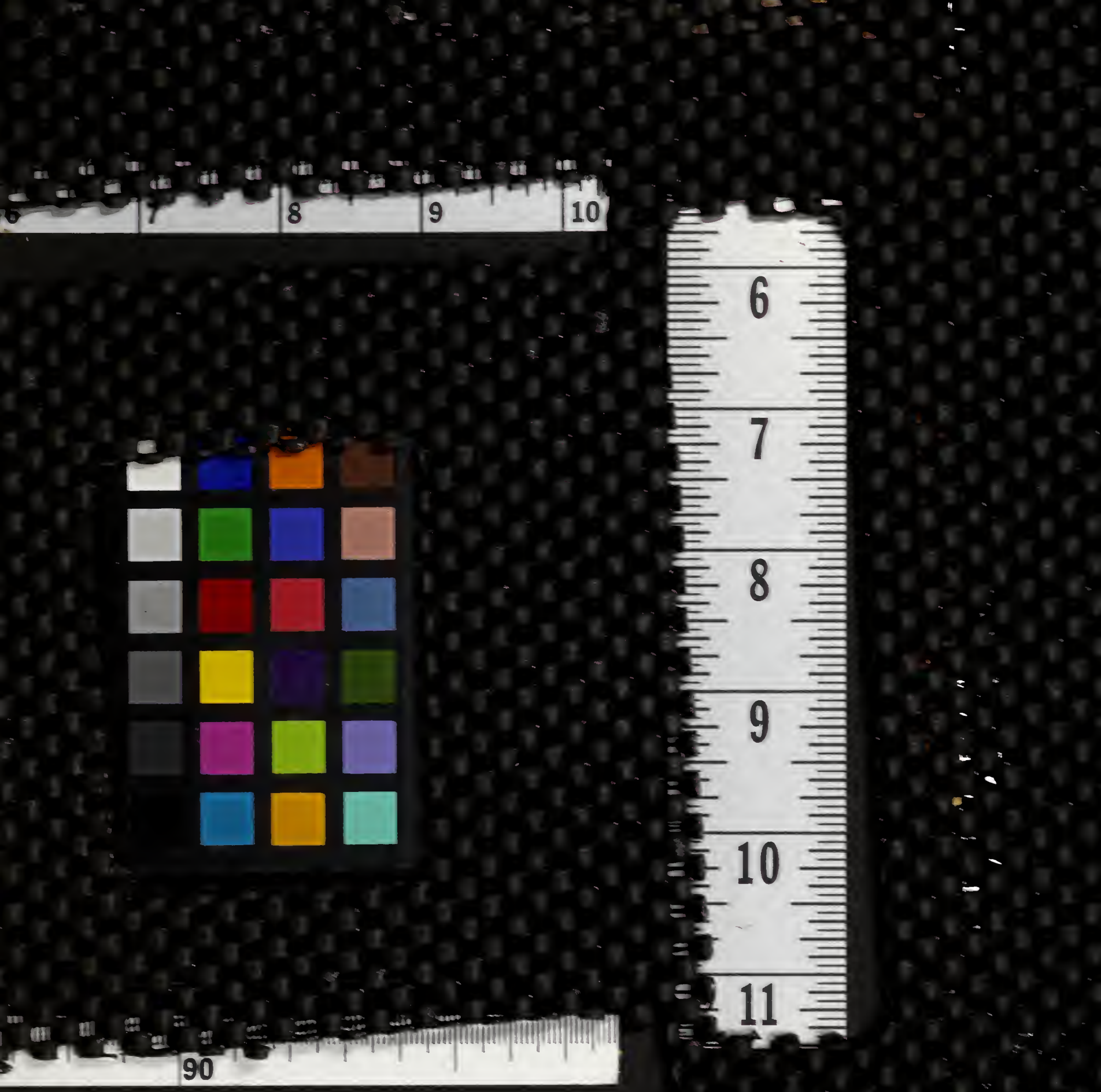
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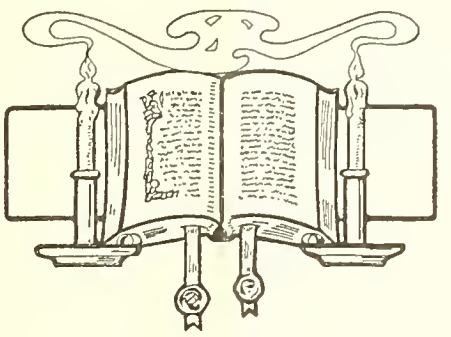
of

Wellesley College News



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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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Prize Poem

SONNET

The finer part of me lies dead with you,
The world is kind again. No more the sky
Says only, "She can never come. A cry
To her is lost in this inviolate blue."
No more the early sunlight shaking through
The green-tiered trees makes eager shadows fly
Secret and cold against my heart; for I
Live passive now to agonies I knew.

You are a dream, almost. The final debts
To Time are paid, and you have slowly moved
Through memories more shadowed and more gray.
Why do I weep? If this dull "I" forgets,
What matter then? The gladder self you loved
Is with you now, as dead, as far away.

Alice Hickey, 1926.

Prize Story

THE STRANGE RED HOUSE IN THE HILLS OF KHAN

Once upon a time there lived a youth, Tenedon by name, whose parents had left him only a small cottage in the village of Rakko, and a vast deal of charm. He lived a quiet, merry life gaining friends and keeping them through the delight of his personality. Time passed by his door on even feet until the night of Tenedon's twenty-first birthday.

As the youth was feasting with his friends he was interrupted by a message from his uncle's brother, Sebano, the only relation he had in the world. The uncle was very ill and desired his nephew immediately.

Tenedon set out at once, and on the third day arrived at his uncle's house. He found Sebano lying on a great canopied couch whose curtains were red. The old man was dying, and the blue veins stood out on his white hands like the finely drawn lines on a porcelain vase. Calling the youth to his bedside, Sebano gave him a strange black ring set with a single ruby, his favorite color.

"This is a magic ring which will give its owner everything he wishes for, but a wish once made can never be recalled. Now before I give this to you, I am asking you to promise that after my death you will live three years in my red house in the Hills of Khan. At the end of that time you will be free to go where you will. Unless you obey my request you will perceive that the power of the ring has departed forever." As he spoke a last ray of light shone through the window, for the time was seven hours after midday, and fell clearly on the red stone in a baleful gleam. Tenedon gazed at the ring and promised. Hardly had he spoken when his uncle was dead. A black cloud covered the sky and the light in the ring seemed gone.

After the funeral the youth departed to the strange red house in the Hills of Khan, which had been Sebano's autumn refuge every year from the lowland rains. The house was built of a curious red stone that burned with a sombre fire against the black cliffs in the valley. Behind the gardens loomed rocks that contained the ancient tombs of the Kings of Khan. There was a silence hanging over the place, the quiet of bodies that are dust, and thoughts that are dead.

Tenedon opened the house and lived there a week in great content, wishing all manner of riches for himself. He had found every article in the great rooms was of a sombre red, and although he loved other colors better, yet for his uncle's sake he forebore to change anything of the furniture or walls. One day he awoke to find his servants gone. They had fled in terror from the heavy atmosphere of the narrow valley with its vast forgotten tombs. The youth in vain wished for new servants. The ring would cause new slaves to appear who stayed for a few days and then departed in panic. The house seemed to have the same influence upon Tenedon's guests. During the first year he was there he asked many times for his friends. When they arrived they were loaded with gifts and courtesy, but invariably refused to stay. At last the youth was obliged to live alone.

Time passed his door as a lame man, and Tenedon sat upon his doorstep in great loneliness one evening. Of a sudden a thought came to him. "Give me a wife!" he cried to his ring. From down the valley came the sound of bells, and a party of gay-gowned merry-makers blossomed out in the black roadway. In the centre of their group was a woman as glowing as the spirit of fire. She was in a black robe, but down her shoulders poured a cascade of red-gold hair that flashed in the twilight eerily.

The party hurried to the door and the woman came forward.

"I am to be your wife," she said quietly, "and my name is Dallobar." Tenedon took her hand in joy and the two were married. After a night's rejoicing the merry-makers rode away, leaving the lovers together. For a time all went well, but one day the youth found his wife weeping. When asked the cause of her grief she replied sadly—

"Know you that I am accursed, and at the end of seven weeks I shall die. Your ring itself cannot save me for there is a doom upon us both!"

Tenedon felt his spirits grow weak beneath the crushing weight of his sorrow as though his mind lay beneath great crags of black rocks. He wished to no avail, but daily saw his wife grow less strong. She had been at first a red-gold moth whose flutterings brought joy to the night of his being, but slowly she faded as though a melancholy were crawling across her soul.

On the night before the seven weeks were over the two sat a while in the stony garden where Dallobar had tried to plant red roses. The blossoms had all died except one which was unfolding as they watched. The crimson petals glowed in the clear twilight. As they sat together through the night talking softly, Tenedon twisted his ring a hundred times, praying that the life of Dallobar might not slip away. She seemed to grow stronger until just at dawn when a little tremor shook her. A wind blew down the valley and swayed the rose-bushes.

"Look! our flower has blossomed!" cried Dallobar, leaning to touch it, and indeed the rose was in full bloom. As the last petal unfolded, Dallobar shuddered and drew back. The flower was deep black. The wind blew again. Slowly the petals fell one by one down into her hand—now white in death. She lay back in Tenedon's arms and her glorious red-gold hair was dimmed like the ashes of a once living fire. In biting anguish the youth lay his wife away in a grave beside the house and continued his days alone.

Time passed by his door as an old man limping. To Tenedon the red house seemed more sombre than ever before. As one distraught he wandered restlessly through the empty rooms with their heavy red hangings and carven furniture. Whenever he looked from a window he saw the vast tombs of the Kings of Khan among the black crags whose height shadowed all the sky. When he could bear the house no longer he would rush out into the garden and pace up and down, trying to shut his soul to

the fearful gloom of the red house among the tombs. Days stumbled after days, and the weeks became cycles of eternal monotony.

At last Tenedon had only seven hours left to complete the total of these years. Evening had fallen across the valley, an evening of clear twilight and windless calm. The youth was sitting in the garden beside the withered rose bush. An unutterable gloom suffocated his spirits. Never had the house shone so terribly—a great burning eye. Tomorrow he would be free. Could he live through another night of this black stillness? His melancholy grew minute by minute as he sat and twisted the ring round and round his finger. The black cliffs loomed more close, his mind was being blotted out by the heavy color. All on a sudden he could bear his anguish no longer. Out of the crawling pain in his mind came a bitter cry.

"I would I were dead, and could lie forever in a blank tomb in the Hills of Khan!"

A cold wind rushed down the valley and with it came swift vision of an eternal future among the buried tombs.

Then the wish came true.

Katherine Gage, 1926.

MISTRESS WIND

The wind is a high-born lady,
A stiff, starched lady
Who steps delicately among the tree tops
With a swish of her silken petticoats.
She whispers pleasant little nothings,
Laughs softly, even sighs.
Yes, sighs for nights when wild and free
She ran and shouted along sea-whipped cliffs;
When mischievous and gay she played about the sails,
Laughed loud and lustily at sailor's fears;
When fierce and angry she tore by houses and barns,
Shrieking discordantly;
When lazily, tenderly, she hummed an amourous air
In a garden of the south.
She sighs for those nights and for those still to come.
Yes, a dainty little lady is dancing through the leaves,
A stiff, brocaded lady,
A temperamental lady,
Mistress Wind.

E.

TO H. C. C.

She understands, my lady understands
Though of my heart's message, I spoke no word
I felt in clasping, welcoming hands
She understands, my lady understands.
I saw in her kind eyes silent commands
In tones of voice her sympathy I heard.
She understands, my lady understands
Though of my heart's message, I spoke no word.

R. G. M., 1926.

Second Prize Story

THY FATHER'S SON, TALAAT

"For two hundred lire he will give it, Effendi. Such a bee-ootiful rug. Pray, come back, Effendi."

A nondescript little waif pattered with bare feet along the cool cobblestones of the bazaar nudging the venerable pasha's elbow, even venturing an occasional pull at the venerable pasha's trim coat. The pasha continued to stride along, his head with its tasseled red fez bent in fierce silence, not even deigning to shake off the pestering youngster. Indeed, rug-seeker that he was, a pasha-like tread was his and a nose ill-adjusted to the musty smells of bazaar dogs. Trade was trade and then again it seemed to be something more than trade. That something lurked in the pasha's indifference. The boy left off his chattering and dropped behind, shaking his head in astonishment until the man was lost to his view among leisurely strolling people; until his attention was averted by the medley of sounds filling the air: scolding, haranguing, whining, jesting, pleading, dog's barking, children's screaming.

The pasha, too, was shaking his head. Surely, he had been offered a beautiful rug—cheaply, too. He might buy it later. Just now, however, his heart was sore, for he had not found *the* rug or one even approaching its beauty. Nearing the entrance of the bazaar, he hesitated, blinking his eyes in the white brightness flooding the opening. As he turned back, the recesses of the bazaar seemed black in contrast. Retracing his steps more quickly, he turned into a passageway at his left. At his approach several dirty, smiling children turned laughter into shrieks and scrambled into nearby doorways.

Talaat stepped out into a circular courtyard, light but lacking the offensive glare of the streets. Two widespread chestnut trees flickered on the cobblestones. Dainty lavendar showers of wistaria festooned the rotten weather-beaten houses; even the ancient fountain in the center of the courtyard, long dry and worn in smooth, rounded hollows where centuries of people had knelt to drink or to fill their hairy water skins.

Talaat called loudly for Ali. After several moments of impatient striding up and down he noticed two great brown eyes set in a meagre, dirty face peering at him from around one of the doorways.

"Many pardons, Effendi. He is not here—Ali. He sips coffee with Mahmud."

Talaat clinked two coins tantalizingly in his palms. "Bring him for me—quick." The lad, scooting out from his hiding place disappeared into the passageway.

Talaat grew weary waiting. Would he never find a rug to replace that first, passed down from generation to generation, the symbol of the age, the honor of his family. *Ai*, he knew, he knew that, somehow, it was Ismet who had witched it away from him. Truly, Talaat's family was still great. His father was the closest to the Sultan, the most honored, but he was losing favor day by day and ceding to whom, to whom—to whom would it be? Allah, to Ismet. Ach! the losing of the rug had been enough. If only he could find the rug. He had traced it to Constantinople, even set himself up as a rug merchant that he might find it if such a miracle were possible.

A bent, old man in a loose, tattered robe, a filthy rag wound around his head in lieu of a turban, hobbled across the courtyard, squinting his eyes questioningly in Talaat's direction. Talaat spoke slowly.

"It has been told to me that you have some more beautiful rugs since I last was here." Ali bent towards the pasha, his cupped hand at his ear.

"Aye," he muttered. With the help of the ragamuffin who had brought him back, he pried open a rusty bolt and slid back the worm-eaten doors of an old warehouse. Pulling out a small table and two stools, he sent the boy for two coffees.

The pasha, sipping his coffee, shook his head at the rugs thrown out before him, one by one, first stretched on the pavement, then lifted and rippled into gleaming heaps and stroked softly.

"But you have not shown me all."

"I swear—all the rugs," in a high racked voice from Ali. Looking steadfastly at the pasha for a moment, he changed his mind. "There is one more, Effendi; but it is old, very old, and it will cost much."

As soon as he caught sight of its gleaming folds, the unchanged depths of its blues, Talaat knew that the moment for which he had waited so long was come. His eyes filled with tears, his chin trembled, but he was prepared. He gripped the sides of the stool with iron fingers.

"Five thousand lira," Ali was muttering.

"You ask too much, Ali," Talaat's voice was cool.

"If you knew, Effendi, how precious it is. And to anyone else, anyone, Effendi, I would not think of making such a price. I give it away to you for five thousand."

Talaat rose slowly. "It is a beautiful rug, Ali. But I pay only two thousand lira. And I have no more time now. I thank you." He moved hastily across the courtyard, had reached the passageway, when a reluctant sigh burst from Ali.

"It is yours for two thousand, Effendi," he called sadly.

Talaat turned. "I will be back within the hour with the money and a *hamal* to carry the rug. You will wait

for me, Ali?" Ali, beaming, salaamed as low as his aged limbs permitted.

"Assuredly, Effendi."

Talaat did not come back,—neither that day nor the next. Ali sighed as he shoved back the ancient doors and drew the rusty bolt.

Two weeks later, Talaat sank into a chair of the Sultan's antichamber in the Yildiz Palace, his ashen face drawn, painfully, into myriads of wrinkles. He had been figuratively, almost literally, kicked out of the Sultan's presence and he knew that he should feel thankful that his life was still his own. He, Talaat, had been pleading before the Sultan, he, Talaat, who, before his father's death only a fortnight away, had been one of the greatest men in Constantinople. Bitterly he cursed the name of Ismet. In anguish he muttered vile threats against all of Ismet's family. Had not Ismet, not content with taking Talaat's father's position of favor in the eyes of the Sultan, flushed with his victory, presented a fabulous claim to Talaat's property, Talaat's wealth? And the Sultan would not listen to reason, had even laughed, sneered, ordered him away.

"Poverty, poverty," Talaat muttered as he moved down the marble staircase, a step at a time. "Not even enough money for the rug, the symbol of our greatness. The honor of our noble family reduced to ashes!" In the dusty, sunburned streets, Talaat cursed loudly and tore his hair. A rug, after all, held the dust of his desires in its folds.

. . . . . .

Spring had come again to Constantinople. If the weather-beaten houses in the circular courtyard were more worn and tumbled down, the graceful wistaria was only the more beautiful, the more effective in making blue greys and lotus blues out of the bare ugliness of wall and pavement.

At the opening of the passageway, a bent old man, white haired, trembling, started violently at the bang of a doorway, the clang of a bolt. He could not get used to the youthful vigor with which the old warehouse was closed up. Ali had always been so slow and gentle. How many years had he been coming, every noon without fail, to gaze upon the precious rug that had been his so long ago. The young man did not like to have him come, but how he loved to stroke the gleaming folds, to dream about his youth, his father, his father's father in the days when the rug was theirs. Talaat wondered how much longer he would be coming. Often he asked the price of the rug. It was always five thousand lira, never two. It would be impossible ever to save that much. He could scarce earn enough to eat by his *hamal* work; now he was old, could no longer carry heavy loads and people would not trust an old man.

As he turned to make his way, painfully, through the dark passageway, he noticed something black lying on the white cobblestones in the sunshine. He leaned over carefully to pick it up and suddenly his hands trembled furiously, his eyes filled with a mist of tears. Nervously, eagerly, he thrust his hands into the wallet. Rolls and rolls of bills were there. A confused rush of thoughts filled his mind. He was rich again, rich again. He could do anything with riches. The honor of his family was restored.

"Hassam! Hassam!" he called frantically, limping towards the old warehouse. "Hassam!" Hassam, a slovenly youth, sauntered out of a doorway, irritated by the old man's impatience.

"The rug, Hassam!"

"I won't open the door again, today. What are you thinking?"

"I have money—oh! much money. Bring out the rug, Hassam!"

Hassam looked at Talaat incredulously and unbolting the door, dragged out the rug. Talaat, jumping up and down in his eagerness, thrust the wallet into Hassam's hands.

"There is much money. It is enough?"

Hassam fingered the rolls of bills. Surely there must be more than ten thousand lira there. He shook his head.

"Not quite enough." Talaat, trembling with excitement, was desperate.

Will this make it enough?" he begged, emptying his girdle of a few coins.

"I will give it to you for that," said the lad, condescendingly. Talaat hobbled to the boy and kissed his hand. Looking at him through tear-filled eyes, he blessed him.

"It is not too heavy," he said. Hassam slung the rug to Talaat's back and watched the old man across the courtyard. Talaat, in the bazaars, beamed with content. At last he was perfectly happy. He could almost dance for joy. He hobbled up and down the bazaars muttering foolish, joyous little things to himself.

It was not for several hours that he discovered he was hungry. But he had no money. He lingered near a baker's stall, watching the *ekmek-je* closely and edging nearer to the loaves of bread laid out in rows. When the *ekmek-je* turned back to his ovens Talaat took his chance and snatching a loaf, thrust it beneath his jacket and hurried around the corner. Well out of sight of the shop, kneeling in a dusky corner, he slipped the rug from his shoulders. He patted the precious bundle and sitting on it, drew out the great loaf, tearing huge chunks of it and gobbling them up greedily, rocking backwards and forwards hilariously. With burning eyes he guarded his rug, smoothing out the wrinkles carefully, flipping off crumbs with shaking fingers.

"Allah!" he muttered, his mouth full of bread, "the honor of my family is at last restored. May my venerable ancestors rest in peace!"

Katherine Hoover, 1928.

THISTLE-DOWN

Swift she comes, like an arrow fleet,
With pretty patter of dancing feet,
Dropping about her an incense sweet,
Hither, thither;

Beauty she has like a magic spell;
Skin like a smooth-lined nautilus-shell
And laughter light as a tiny bell
Comes with her.

As she trips away in her endless dance,
Over her tresses the little lights prance
As slippery sunbeams glitter and glance
On a feather.

Nothing she reaps and nothing she sows,
And what is the use of her no man knows;—
Puff of a zephyr, and off she goes,
Whither?

Elizabeth Henry, 1928.

THE DULL PRINCESS
A Fable

There was once a beautiful princess; but she was stupid. She had a father who was very wise. He was harsh. He said to the beautiful princess, "It is time for you to marry. Suitors come from far and wide to win your hand and since you are very dull and I am very busy your choice shall be decided thus. These three caskets will I place before the suitors and according to their choice will their desserts be given them." The princess said not a word. She was pleased with this idea. "This," she said to herself, "had been done before and very successfully."

The first suitor came and with amazing shrewdness picked the leaden casket. Nothing was said, no verdict given. The second, and the third, and the fourth came and with the same amazing shrewdness chose the leaden casket. And then a young man came and he reasoned thus with himself, "I love this fair dull creature and she will make me an admirable wife, but as for having a dull father-in-law too, that I could not stand." So he did not chose the leaden casket. "This," he said to himself, "has been done before, and very successfully; reason enough why a wise man would not do it again." And he chose the golden casket, which was right. They were married immediately and happily and the wise father-in-law proved to be a very great joy.

A MODERN ROMAUNT

I entred in a dauncen halle
And stonden longe agains the walle;
And loken rounde I gan biholde
How thinges chaungen sin dawes of olde.
That were a lusty companye,—
Folk ful of mirthe and jolitee,—
That dauncen there,—but never in Fraunce
Saugh I in old tyme swiche a daunce!
Thise fresshe caroles folk hem clep
The fox-trotte and the fair oon-steppe,
And mony othere a fresshe devys
Ful cherie and ful neet, ywis.
Ful longe I lened hem to espye,
Whan, suddenlie, I hearkened bye
Oon syke so longe, and lustilie,
It mak me staurten rounde to see
What creature coude mak swiche a moon!
And ther besyde me, alle alone,
Thre maydens sitten with lokes soures.
Swiche, folk clepen hem Wall-Floures;
For who laks popularitee
Moot sitten by the walle alway.
So I gan loken curiouslie
What manere of folk hem mote be.

Learninge

The firste who envye hem turning,
Were lady folk y-clep Learninge.
She hadde browe ful scholarlie,
And pale visauge fro moche studie,
And on hir hook-nose sette ful wer
Som spectacles of tortoise-shell!
And she coude quote many a lyn
In French, in Russian or Latyn.
She understaunden alle science,
And she hir dight with purveyaunce
To answere alle questioun.
Of calculus she knewe the somme,
And with facound and facultee
She coude expoune ful sikkerly.
And she ne faulte hadde that I hent,—
Lest the she was intelligent.

Dignity

And besyde hir sat Dignity,
A lady tall and ful semely.
Hir nose ful fetys was and straight.
Hir long hair high on her heed sate.
But hir manere was stiffe and colde,—
I quaked whan I hir first biholde,
And she encompassed semed to be
By aura of frigiditee.

Modestie

The thrid, folk yclept Modestie,
And right ful modest semed she.
No peynted face ne nose too whyt,
Ne windred browes hadde that wight,
But tresses smothe and strayte she bered
And robe ful derk and plain she wered.
Hir middel largish, and hir shoon,—
She kept hem naturel everichoon,
Ne hadde she rolled hir yen sin birthe
But hem bent alwey on the Erthes.
Ne woulde she hearken ribaudrye—
At first foule wordis she moot flee.
Her speked nought but ye or ne,
So folk niste any-thing hir to seye.
So thise maydens nis populaire
And moot but wringe hir hondes ther,
Whyl folk dispitously denye
To dauncen with swiche a lady.

On thise dispreisen damiselles three,
Whan I hadde loked with pittee
I askt me whereon thise othere
That dauncen, shoulde be populaire.
So I gan loken apertly
On hem carolers so comelie.

Beautee

In that brighte thronge I sawe Beautee.
As men hem clepe now—but ah me!
She nis so comelie half, I trow,
As I was in usage to knowe,
This Beautee hadde a clippe, y'wis,
Which nis noght comelie, but mannish;
And moche be-peynted was that wight,
Hir cheke ful red, hir nose ful whyt.
But this efolk thongen rounde hir ther
To dauncen with lady so fair.

Pep

Another mayden I did see
Dauncen by ful jolily,
With ful quick, and ful newe steppe,
And hir folk love and clepen Pep.
Slendre daws she, and large hir eye,—
But hir nose turnen to the skye.
She hadde a robe ful bryt and rede,—
Scarlet as any wadwwale's heed.
And she coude jape wel, and singe
Thise songes newe men clep Rag-Tyme.
And she coude smoken cigaret—
Ne had noon overpast hir yet—
For she was evermo redy
To dar alle thinges to be myrie.

Fraunchyse

But the mayden mo populaire
Of all thise folk who dauncen ther,
Is hir men clepen fair Fraunchyse,
For she is debonaire in gyse.
She nis fetys but she was trewe,
Hir clere eyen and hir robe were blewe.
Ful chereful and ful free were she
And eke codue folk speken inly,
And tellen hir alle what hem thinke,
Whyl she herkned with smyl and winke,
And heled hem smertes ful motherlie,
And mak hem laughen jolilee.
She scorned men who nil tellen
Whether hem liken il or well.
And folk hir seken far and wyde
And longer hir to be besyde.

I lened longe agins the walle
And longe I loked on that balle
And now wryte I, that you mote knowe,
The vyces, and virtus also,
Of this moderns societee,—
And whereof hit abaisseth me!

Elizabeth Surr, 1926.

TO MAKE OR MAR
"The Canaries"

A warm sweet morning wind blew through the kitchen window and puffed out the short starched curtains. The sink board, scoured till its little white water-soaked fibers bristled, was drying in the sunlight. A bright gleam twinkled on one of the nickel faucets and was reflected on the opposite wall in a quivering livid streak.

Louise leaned across the sink to look down at the garden two storeys below. The big grass plot was half enclosed by a curving porch corridor with several long hospital wards running out from behind it. There were three circular flower beds within view of the window, one of flaming California poppies, another dark low one of pansies, and the farthest one of orange marigolds. Louise viewed them with satisfaction. Aunt Anna had asked her to pick flowers for their apartment that morning. She could take as many as she liked from any part of the naval hospital grounds; doctors' families didn't even have to ask permission. This was the only way one could really hope to make an artistic effect, Louise reflected,—to be able to go from one bed to another and choose just here and there. She squinted one eye imaginatively. "Why, my dear Louise," she murmured to herself, "whatever made you think of putting those colors to-gether! The effect is *exquisite*, but I never would have had the daring."

As she turned from the window, her eyes fell upon a patch of water spreading itself out on the linoleum floor. She hesitated, then took a dish-towel from the rack and mopped it back and forth with one foot. Aunt Anna had said there was no limit to the towels and things they could put in the laundry. The government washed everything. Louise picked up a corner of the damp towel with two fingers and walked to a corner of the kitchen to throw it in the hamper. It must be a wonderful relief to live in a government station always. There was a man to bring up the ice—he always took down the garbage too,—and there was another man that came with a noisy balloon sweeper every morning to do the rugs of the apartment. And Louise had heard her aunt telephone to her uncle's office downstairs just a moment ago to have some more listerine sent up. Aunt Anna was always gargling with listerine; Louise had heard her gargle at least seven times since she came yesterday. Once Aunt Anna explained it to her, "It never hurts one and there is no telling what dangers one is counteracting!" Louise dallied with the idea. Suppose, for instance, she should cut her finger, or no—an artery in her wrist. She would not faint or scream, but just go calmly to the telephone and take down the receiver with the other hand, and say, "Uncle Frank, I believe I've cut an artery. It's bleeding rather badly. Will you send up some iodine, or shall I come down to you?" Here Louise's thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a thin, pale-faced woman with a floppy pompadour of greying hair and a gentle, resigned expression. She smiled wearily.

"Well, dear, I didn't mean to leave you for so long, but I just had to get my vegetable ordering done before

the gardener left the commissary. I see you've finished doing the kitchen. How nice it looks. Your mother's training, I can see that!"

Louise smoothed her wavy light hair with the back of one hand, slightly curling the water-shrivelled fingers. "Oh really, it was no trouble, Aunt Anna. I wasn't quite sure where this fruit dish goes, so I left it for you to put away. And where shall I hang my apron?"

"Give it to me, dear. I'm sorry to say it will just have to hang on the hook behind the door with all the other things. Your mother's a wonderful housekeeper, Louise, but I wonder what she would do if she had as little closet-room as I have. She wouldn't find it such an easy matter to keep her house spic and span!"

The quick sudden clangs of a ship's bell came in through the open window.

"Nine o'clock! I must hurry over to Mrs. St. John's and see to her canaries. She's away for two weeks and I promised I'd do them for her."

"Sinjin? What a funny name!" Louise forgot herself for a moment.

Aunt Anna picked up the kitchen clock to reset it. "English, my dear! Spelled S-t period. Capital J-o-h-n. They're a very fine old family, of course. Anyone with that name always is."

"What are you fixing her canaries for, though?"

"Well, you see, she's the head doctor's wife, and of course the social leader of the post. So when she came over to see me the day before she left on her little trip—(she comes over quite often)—and said, 'Mrs. Graham, I'm at a loss to know what to do with my birds these two weeks, because I really can't trust them to the servants,' of course I was obliged to offer to take care of them for her."

Louise frowned thoughtfully, "I should say that was a hint. I don't think I *would* have, Aunt Anna, just for that!"

Mrs. Graham smiled indulgently. "You don't understand my dear. There are times when we have to disregard our personal feelings and push aside our pride for another's sake. But here I stand talking, when I should be over there now."

Louise watched her aunt stoop down and take some clean newspapers out of the bottom kitchen drawer. "These are for the bird-cage. They must be changed every morning, and I've never been able to find where Mrs. St. John keeps hers."

"May I go with you?"

"Why yes, child. You might like to see the house, although I dare say it won't be looking well now. At least, not if the house boy put on the furniture covers as I told him. Mrs. St. John went off without attending to it, so I took the liberty." Mrs. Graham tucked the newspapers under her arm, and led the way through the apartment and down the thick-carpeted stairs to the office floor below.

A tall pale young man with a dark monstache and sad eyes rose from his seat at the hall desk. Louise regarded him more closely as her aunt spoke with him. No, his eyes weren't exactly sad; they had a humorous twinkle in them. It was the sensitive, drooping mouth that showed he had tasted some of the bitterness of life. He was the sort of young man one ached to mother; he would call forth one's maternal instincts. "So young to have known life so well," Louise half murmured to herself. Perhaps it was Robert Louis Stevenson he reminded her of. Her aunt pulled her forward gently.

"And this is my niece, Mr. Thomas. We feel very fortunate in having her even for this short time. If it were not that her family cannot spare her, we should indeed be tempted to steal her." Mrs. Graham smiled regretfully and shook her head at Louise. Then more briskly, "Well, then, if anyone calls you will tell them I am at Mrs. St. John's? Thank you, Mr. Thomas. Good-morning."

They walked down the hall, and Louise reached for the handle of the screen door. Mrs. Graham caught her hand. "Oh no, dear! We don't touch doors here. There are so many dreadful diseases; one can't be too careful." She wrapped her hand in a handkerchief and opened the door softly.

The morning air was warm and faintly fragrant. The tar of the driveway looked dry and wrinkled with the heat. It slipped a little under their feet as they walked along by the border bed of heliotrope and white candytuft. Just below the road a shallow lake sparkled pale blue in the sun, and straight gravel paths ran between rows of evergreen trees. Pigeons were hopping in the gravel about the wheelchairs of the convalescents. There were green benches too, for the friends and relatives who had come for the morning visiting hours. Louise wondered why these people came at all. They did not seem to be talking, but just sat dumbly beside the sick men, and watched every person who passed by. Perhaps they were afraid they'd make their friend feverish if they talked to him.

As Mrs. Graham and Louise rounded a corner in the driveway there appeared a big gabled white house with a row of pillars across the front. Mrs. Graham turned from the road and led the way up the red flag stones of the sloping terrace. They stood for a moment on the hot doorstep after ringing the bell. Then there was a shuffling step and a white-jacketed Japanese man opened the door. Mrs. Graham smiled kindly at him and pushed gently past him into the darkened hall.

"Good-morning, Kawa. Everything all right? I hurry up stairs, Kawa—I very busy this morning. Oh Louise, you wanted to see the drawing-room, didn't you, dear? Kawa, all right I show young lady? Oh, you no forgot their covers. That's good. This way no dust can come, Kawa."

Louise blinked in the dim room with its clumps of ghostly white figures. Mrs. Graham raised one shade and a glare of light shot in on the heavy mulberry carpet.

"See dear? Of course you can't get a very good idea of it now, but it really is a charming drawing-room. The government did rather well with these furnishings. Mrs. St. John has gotten them to make some improvements. Now do you want to come upstairs with me? The birds are kept in a sun-parlor up there."

A little dark person with straggling hair met them in the hall at the top of the stairs. She peered at them a moment and then spoke in a tired, relieved voice.

"Oh it's *you*, Mrs. Graham."

Louise's aunt rustled forward soothingly.

"Why if it isn't Miss Moffatt! Whatever are you doing here to-day? This is my niece, Miss Moffatt."

Miss Moffatt nodded at Louise, shaking some more wisps of hair down on her neck.

"How do you do? Yes, Mrs. St. John wants me to finish her new evening dress so she can wear it the first night she gets back. I declare I don't know how she expects me to do it without her, and if it don't look right, she'll be angry most likely. I didn't want to come,—I'm so busy at home just now, but she wouldn't take 'no' for an answer."

Mrs. Graham slipped past her into the sewing-room. "Let's see the dress, Miss Moffatt. Oh, is this it? My, what handsome material! *Isn't* this handsome, Louise dear? Brocaded velvet is over fifteen a yard now, isn't it, Miss Moffatt? I was looking at some just the other day."

Miss Moffatt held it up against her and lowered her voice. "Speaking confidential, Mrs. Graham, I think it's a trifle too giddy for a woman of her age. But she don't stop at anything, and of course it isn't up to me to tell her."

Mrs. Graham dropped the material she was feeling. "Well you know, Miss Moffatt, Mrs. St. John is an unusual woman, and then her position, too, is extraordinary. Well, I must tend to the birds. Come, Louise. Wouldn't you like to see them take their bath, Miss Moffatt. They're so cunning!"

The two women left the room; Louise could hear their voices growing fainter down the hall, but she stayed a moment behind. She tiptoed to the bed to stroke the soft red material lying there. How *wonderful* to be the leader of a post society! Mrs. Sinjin! Yes, even the name was unusual. She must be a

fascinating woman, the toast of the post! Louise narrowed her eyes and murmued,

"The fortunes of men lay carelessly in the hollow of her white, jewelled hand." She was silent a moment and then added as an after-thought,

"Hers to make or mar!"

Mrs. St. John

Louise and her aunt sat in the back seat of a government automobile waiting on the sloping drive-way at the front of a flagstone walk. A cool afternoon wind blew across the lake toward them, but the corner of the leather seat where the sun slanted in was burning hot. The car brakes were squeaking a little under the strain of waiting on a hill. Mrs. Graham leaned forward.

"Are you quite sure they're safe, Mr. Baker?" she asked pleasantly.

The driver turned a clean-shaven profile toward them. "Yes ma'am, they're safe enough."

Mrs. Graham put up her hand to whisper in Louise's ear, "Such a nice clean-looking young man! I always call him 'Mr.' because he really is well-bred—he goes to college in the winter—and then besides one gets better service."

Louise looked at the back of his pink neck and decided she didn't like clean-looking men. She wished he would wear tortoise shell glasses instead of that rimless kind that pinched the nose; you couldn't tell where his complexion was under the glass and where it wasn't. But what difference did a chauffeur make when Mrs. St. John was coming? From what she had heard, Louise felt she would not like her. She would of course be haughty, with a cold mature beauty, and she would only exercise her charm when there was something to be gained. But already Louise knew that a strange admiration would be forced from herself, like the sheer admiration of one beautiful young woman for greater skill of an older, more experienced woman. But she promised herself that she would keep this feeling to herself. Mrs. St. John should be jarred with the discovery of one person who did not succumb to her charm.

They waited a few moments longer in silence. Then her aunt suggested hesitatingly.

"You might toot again, Mr. Baker. Just once—not too long. Oh no, *don't*, Mr. Baker! Here is Mrs. St. John now."

Louise tilted her chin and looked the other way a second, then she turned what she considered cool impersonal eyes toward the figure hurrying down the flagstones. The cool narrowed eyes flew wide open in surprise.

A dumpy, middle-aged woman in a striped sport silk dress and a broad, floppy white hat was ducking down the last terrace and came to a halt by the side of the car. Mrs. Graham opened the door and leaned out of the car beaming and nodding.

"Well, it *is* nice to see you, Mrs. St. John. You're almost a stranger to your own home. I hope the trip was enjoyable?"

Louise was aghast. Surely this *couldn't* be Mrs. St. John! But the woman was answering in a throaty voice.

"Delightful, oh very delightful, Mrs. Graham. We just returned this morning. Thank you, but I shall sit in front with Baker." She lifted herself into the front seat and slammed the door. "I'm in a hurry, Baker. Drop me at the Royal Garage, will you? You know it's just a couple of blocks outside the grounds."

Mr. Baker released the squeaking brakes and they were off down the driveway.

Mrs. St. John turned her head sideways and put one plump arm along the back of the seat. "I trust that does not interfere with your use of the car, Mrs. Graham? I left my own little car there at the garage during my absence, and really I find I am quite lost without it. I'm so annoyed to be late, but my masseuse kept me longer than I expected."

Louise stared as her aunt hastened to reassure Mrs. St. John, at the face under the floppy white hat. She had never seen skin like that before. It looked unnaturally stretched, and yet sagged a little as though it were going to wrinkle. There were pink spots on her cheeks, but where there was no rouge Louise could see tiny brown freckles. A little reddish-brown, crinkly hair showed from under the hat,—it reminded Louise of some fern mass she had seen. But Mrs St. John was looking at her, and the throaty voice interrupted her aunt's.

"Is this the little niece, Mrs. Graham? Oh, that's quite all right, —we can dispense with the introduction. Your aunt has told me about you my dear. Mrs. Graham, you must bring her to one of my at-homes sometime soon." Louise smiled her thanks mechanically. Her aunt fluttered back into her seat.

"Why, what was I thinking of to forget you, Louise dear!" She leaned forward again. "Oh Mrs. St. John, I hope you found the dear little canaries as well as when you left?"

Mrs. St. John raised her eyebrows. "Why yes. . . . Oh, yes, thank you so much, Mrs. Graham. I haven't had time to see them since I got back, but I'm sure they did very nicely under your care. It was so kind of you."

"It was no trouble at all. Indeed, Mrs. St. John," Mrs. Graham insisted gently, "I quite enjoyed it."

The car had passed through the big stone gates by now, and had turned into a broad tree-lined street. Mrs. St. John was tapping cerise fingernails against the metal across the back of the seat.

"I wonder if you can recommend a caterer to me. I'm forced to hunt for another; my old one disappointed me last time. Yes, this is the place, Baker."

They stopped at the red entrance sign of the Royal Garage. Mrs. St. John withdrew her arm and turned around to alight. Louise's aunt leaned out of the car.

"Why, I can't think of the name of a caterer right now, Mrs. St. John. You know I don't have occasion for one, but—"

Mrs. St. John nodded the floppy hat. "Oh, of course you wouldn't I shall find one, I do not doubt. Well, I must hurry home again, so I'll say good-bye."

The car started up again. Louise looked back once at the short striped figure just disappearing into the black dome of the garage. Her aunt settled back once more against the seat cushions.

"We just want to be left at the City of Paris store, Baker. Mrs. St. John is a charming woman, didn't you think so, Louise dear? She didn't look as well to-day, but I have seen her when she really was handsome."

Louise felt shaken. She must control herself and not explain her true feelings to Aunt Anna. "I - - -I know I wouldn't like her in that velvet dress."

"Oh, you mean the one Miss Moffatt was showing us? That was a little bright perhaps."

Louise turned wearily away and closed her eyes. So *that* was the woman Aunt Anna took care of canaries for! Oh it was dreadful. No wonder people talked about corruption in the government!

Winifred Warren, 1926.

PASTORAL

There is a road that winds upward through black chasms of wet rock from Bolzano over an upland pass to another town that basks equally contentedly in the sunlight of another valley. They proudly flaunt their bits of bright, new Italian bunting; chattering black-eyed groups of young military clank about in the oleandered street cafés; church-bells jangle incessantly in an ecstacy of patriotism. But the road winds upward unconcerned through bristling pine forests, past impatient grey-green torrents rushing to the sea. In the shadows of round, lichened rocks are patches of snow that never melt. Clumps of brilliant saphire blue forget-me-nots spring out of the very snow itself, more like jewelled bits of heaven than any earthly, tangible thing. At the top of the pass the yellow ribbon of road spirals down to East and West into the limpid lowlands. A pile of rusting barbed wire, a dilapidated gun-carriage flecked with camouflage lie beside the road; just beyond rears up a whitening human shin-bone. And on it rotting campaign boot. K C., 1926.

OF AGE

A Playlet

Dramatis Personae

Mrs. Sarah Guthrie, the wise and loving mother.
Mr. John Guthrie, the proud father.
Ann, who won't admit she is an old maid but can't call herself a bachellor girl any longer.
Mrs. Molly Haven, the old friend of the family.
Mr. Phillip Haven, her silent partner.
Alice, still young and kittenish.
Uncle George Parsons, the genial uncle with a vengeance.
Henry, the beloved son just twenty-one to-day.
Lucia, well wait and see for yourself.
Huldah, the convenient maid.

A comfortable living room, which is not too up to date. A door on one side leads to the interior of the house, on another side to the hall way, into which guests enter from the outside. There is a window overlooking the pathway to the house. Mrs. Guthrie is discovered arranging flowers on the mantle piece.

Time.

Today or any other day for that matter.

Mrs. G. John is that you?

Mr. G. Yes, dear. *(Enters, kisses his wife).*

Mrs. G. Where's Henry?

Mr. G. He had to go to the hospital again about his knee.

Mrs. F. You know Henry, I'm rather worried about his knee. It's over a year ago now that he hurt it and he's still going regularly to the hospital for treatments.

Mr. G. Don't worry. You know Henry walks and dances and does anything he likes—though he says he couldn't if he quit having treatments. And anyway if it had not been for his knee I would have had a dreadful time keeping him away until the surprise party was ready. It's nearly time now, isn't it.

Mrs. G. Yes, dear, the guests will be arriving any minute. I'm having the party just as nice as I know how for a boy comes of age only once in his life time, and only once in ours will our son be twenty-one. But John, what did Henry say when you handed over to him his inheritance from his uncle Henry?

Mr. G. I think he did not expect it to be so large, but he didn't say much. I guess I did most of the talking. I gave him a lot of advice along with his money. He seemed right anxious though to put it into a safety deposit box of his own instead of leaving it in the family box.

Mrs. G. That was only natural. He'll feel more like it is his own private property. *(Bell rings.)* There's someone now.

Mr. G. I must go and freshen up. *(He scurries out.)*

(Outer door is heard to shut. Mrs. G. stands at door of room.)

Mrs. G. Come right in Ann. I'm so glad to see you.

Ann (gushingly) My dear, no one would guess you had a son twenty-one. You look so young. I know I'm a little early, but I came on purpose to see if there was anything I could do to help you. Do tell me there is.

Mrs. G. It's sweet of you to offer but there isn't a thing to be done. Huldah has dinner almost ready. She's a right good maid even if she does grumble because she has to answer the door and tend to her dinner all at once.

Ann. You're so lucky to have one who will do both, but I'm not so early after all by your clock. I tell you Henry ought to appreciate such thoughtful parents—giving him this fine party.

Mrs. G. I'm only inviting the few old friends of the family—all of them saw Henry christened.

Ann. Over twenty years ago! He was such a wee bit of a darling baby.

Mrs. G. (at window.) Here come the Havens. *(Bell rings.)*

Ann. Alice is with them, I suppose. She was such a sweet little thing at the christening. *(BOTH Ann and Mrs. G. stand at the door. There is a babble of "so glad to see you," etc.)*

(Ann, Mrs. Haven, Mr. Haven and Alice Haven enter.)

Ann. Molly Haven you're looking so well. And Alice—I simply must kiss Alice in memory of the days when she was little Alice. I was just telling Sarah how well I remember Alice at Henry's christening. She was scarcely three—

Mrs. H. I beg your pardon—barely two.

Alice (Trying to be kittenish and only succeeding in being annoying) O Mummah you're calling attention to my age. Mummah mustn't.

Ann. She was such a pretty child and she was so lovely that afternoon of the christening. She had on a little white dress with a wide pink sash and pink hair-ribbons.

Mrs. H. I'm sorry but you're mistaken. Alice never wore pink. Her bows were blue I'm sure to match her eyes.

Ann. Perhaps you're right but I can remember just as clearly how she looked with her pink ribbons.

Mr. G. (entering.) Why don't you ask the young lady herself? *(All look round rather surprised.)* I'm so glad to see you all here. *(He smiles, and so do his guests.)*

Alice. Why Mr. Guthrie, we didn't hear you come in—but we're mighty glad you did.

Mr. G. So am I, it's been a long time since I've seen you.

Mrs. H. (Shaking hands) It's been almost two months, John.

Mr. G. It has been so long since I've seen you, Ann.

Ann. Oh no, I'm always bobbing in and out. I simply can't stay away from your lovely home. *(Bell rings)*

Mr. G. (Shaking hands,) Well, well Frank . You're looking well—

Mr. H. Oh I'm feeling pretty good; how're you?

Mr. G. Pretty cocky—to have a son like Henry coming of age.

(Outer door is heard to open and shut.)

Mrs. G. That's Brother George. Now we're all here except the guest of honor.

Mr. G. (At door.) Greetings, George.

George. Hello everybody. How's the proud father? *(Slaps Mr. G. on the back).* Sarah, my dear, let your loving brother kiss the proud mother's cheek. *(He does so.)*

Ann (to Alice) Wouldn't it be lovely to have an affectionate brother?

George. Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt. You'd rather have the man in another relationship, wouldn't you?

Mrs. H. George Parsons, don't say such things.

Alice. Uncle George, you don't mind if I call you that, 'cause that's what I always used to call you. Uncle George, I'd rather have an affectionate Uncle.

George. Well I can't resist that invitation *(He kisses her as if she were still a child.)* I'm not a bit sorry that I made that remark, I'm afraid Molly—So come be mollified—

Alice. Oh awful, just awful, Uncle George.

Ann. Now Ann as the wisest of this party, you don't think as badly as all that of me, do you?

Ann. I'll give you a pleasant Ann-sir.

George. Now Alice, what's your judgment of that?

Alice. That's not a fair question. You'd better ask Puppah.

George. Well Mr. Haven I'll wager I'm not the first man your daughter has sent to ask Father.

Mr. H. You are.

(Slight pause, but both George and Mrs. H. are equal to the occasion and start to speak at once.)

Mrs. H. Dear Alice—

George. But I'll bet—

(Both stop. Both start).

Mrs. H. I'm sorry.

George. I beg your—*(Both stop but George motions frantically.)*

Mrs. H. I was just saying Dear Alice knows how to handle men, and never lets them go too far.

Ann. I have no doubt of it.

Mr. G. Henry ought to be along any minute now.

George. He's with some pretty girl, I'll wager.

Mrs. G. (hastily) Oh no he's at the hospital having his knee treated. He's not that kind of a boy anyway. I've often wished he'd pay more attention to girls. He's so bashful in their presence.

George. Now, now Sarah, don't tell us that. Alice, you must come to the aid of a suffering Mother. You must rescue this poor boy from his sorry plight.

Mrs. G. Of course with Alice, it's different. He's grown up with Alice.

George. Child sweethearts make the most romantic couples. Alice, Alice, when he comes, I'd advise you to send him straight to Puppah.

Alice. Uncle George, You quit. Just 'cause Henry and I have been friends, just forever and ever, it doesn't mean that we're, we're,—well you know what you said.

George. You haven't named the happy day, just yet. Is that it?

Alice. Uncle George, you make me more flustered every minute.

Mrs. H. George Parsons, haveu't you yet outgrown your teasing habits? I can assure you that there is nothing serious between Alice and Henry *yet.*

Mrs. G. (Who has been watching from window). Quick hide, everybody. Henry has just driven up. Here this way. *(Much scurrying out amidst murmurs of "Won't he be surprised" and frantic shushing. Just as the door is heard to open and shut, George runs back for a package and dashes back again barely in time.)*

Henry (enters putting keys away) That's funny. I was sure that there was somebody here. *(Steps to door and makes a sign.)*

Everyone (bursting into room) SURPRISE.

Henry (Frightened-looking). Why hello everybody. *(Signals frantically behind his back.)*

Mrs. G. Why Henry, what's the matter?

Henry. Well—why—nothing — that is—well—I've got a surprise for you. Lucia *(she enters somewhat flustered)*, Lucia, I want you to meet my family and friends. Everyone, Lucia Fletcher.

Mrs. G. There is always room for one more at any of my parties, and so I do wish you would stay for dinner with us.

Henry. You don't understand. Lucia's last name is Guthrie now.

Alice. Henry, you don't mean to say —*(She sits down and sniffles, her mother runs to her).*

Mrs. H. Oh Henry, how could you announce it in such a cruel way. If you had to do it, why didn't you break it gently to Alice, you know that she has always thought of you as more than a brother.

George. Well, you seem to have upset the ladies, Henry, but it looks to me as if you had made a good choice. I'm charmed, indeed, to have such a pretty new niece.

Ann. That's cruel of you, George. Oh, Sarah, I always knew that Henry was keeping something from you. That he would do something very rash.

Mrs. G. Henry do anything rash or sudden! I should say not. Henry is the best son anyone could imagine. I have always wanted a daughter, and I am very grateful that he has chosen such a lovely one. I don't see anything for anyone to keep about. *(however, she begins to wipe her eyes)* Those are tears of j-j-joy, Lucia, dear.

Mr. G. Yes I'm quite sure they are tears of joy. My son, I congratulate you, but how did you meet her?

Henry (Much relieved) She was the nurse at the hospital—and when I knew I was free legally and financially to marry her, we simply couldn't wait an hour.

Huldah (Enters) Dinners is served.

Mrs. G. Huldah, set another place. We will all have a double celebration.

Mr. G. Let us all go to dinner and become better acquainted with the newlyweds.

(All exit none too gracefully.)

(Just as curtain goes down George is heard to say) If I'd known this was going to happen, it wouldn't have been so hard to select this birthday present.

Ruth G. Mason, 1926.

OLD AGE

His song is garbed in gentle gray,
This poet whom I heard to-day—

His song, it wears a sombre dress,
A cloth of meagre mournfulness.

He seems to revel in his woe;
His youth, perhaps, has made him so.

And who am I, that I should long
To make a little laughing song;

A song according to my whim,
In rosy gown, with tinsel trim,

To make it sparkle bright, like gold;—
It must be I am growing old.

Elizabeth Henry, 1928.

RUPERT BROOKE

It is not an unusual thought that an early death may do much for an artist's posthumous reputation. Marlowe's untimely death has drawn forth the tentative thought that, had he lived, he might have achieved something so much better than he had already accomplished as to place him higher than Shakespere. This bit of praise, futile as it is, has been hung like a May morning gift of flowers at his door, for the most part because it is the door of his tomb. But the more general, and the more substantial emotion quickened by Marlowe's death is one of regret. Keats' death at the age of twenty-six produced the same effect. About them both we have now a lingering curiosity as to what they might have been, more than they were, and a shadowy regret that they should have been denied the opportunity to reveal it.

Although Rupert Brooke died at the age of twenty-eight, I have dared to call his death "timely" for the sake of his own memory. For if Rupert Brooke must be made to typify something, it is "Youth—eternal Youth." In his lifetime, he was Youth at its loveliest and its fullest. If we can seek out the secret source of his genius, I think we shall find it here, in his romantic zest for living, in his rich joy in feeling himself a man possessed of passions and powers. This magnificent delight in life, one may conjecture, approached or reached its apex during the war which blotted it out completely. To have lived on through the years of the war could only have dimmed his bright spirit, and might have poisoned it. Although the man, Rupert Brooke, might have mellowed to old age, and retained both sweetness and charm, he could not have retained the young gladness and joy that brought him always lip to lip with the loveliness of Life. It was when the lights of his life were brightest and the trumpets of his genius clearest, that "suddenly all sounds ceased together." Thoughts of him can now only be lit by the sweet clear light of his gallant youth, and never with the thin glimmer of old age.

Yale University awarded Rupert Brooke the Howard Memorial Prize, stating that it was in recognition of the "idealistic element" in his works. In reading his poetry, I have come to think "idealistic" the wrong word. There is often a quality of noble feeling and of glorious expression which is deserving of considerable notice. It is most prominent, perhaps, in "The Soldier."

"If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England."

His patriotism was a part of the gallant spirit of his life. He lived, as notably as has anyone, and a great deal more than most people, in his emotions. He loved them, and he loved, I think, to see them beautiful. He did not think nearly so intensely as he felt, and his poems were inevitably the expression of his feelings, never very philosophical, never very weighty, but always charged with the current of his emotionalism, and made of the very stuff of his living.

But this warmth and fervency are not idealistic in their origin. For his closeness to the *real*, rather than the *ideal*, I think he will be remembered. His thoughts do not soar to Utopias of any kind. He is close, marvellously close ,to the actualities, the tenable and living realities of life.

Rupert Brooke's emotionalism finds a darker and more popular term in his sensuousness. His poems are, indeed, teeming with actual body reactions, with strong impressions of color, sound, smell and feeling.

"Warm perfumes like a breath from vine and tree
Drift down the darkness. Plangent, hidden from eyes
Somewhere a *eukalali* thrills and cries,
And stabs with sharp pain the night's brown savagery,

And dark scents whisper; and dim
waves creep to me,
Gleam like a woman's hair, stretch
out, and rise;
And new stars burn into the ancient
skies,
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian
sea."

It is not, of course, great poetry. It is not even very good poetry, though it is immensely superior to what follows.

"And I recall, lose, grasp, forget again,
And still remember, a tale I have
heard or known
Of two that loved—or did not love—
and one
Whose perplexed heart did evil, foolishly,
A long while since and by some other
sea."

Such watery lines as these are far too frequent in his work, but in a few verses of "Town and Country, (a cruel name for such a poem) it seems to me his passions find a truer tongue, and real beauty of expression.

"Stay! though the woods are quiet, and
you've heard
Night creep along the hedges. Never
go
Where tangled foliage shrouds the
crying bird
And the remote winds sigh and waters flow.

"Lest—as our words fall dumb on
windless noons
Or hearts grow hushed and solitary,
beneath
Unheeding stars and unfamiliar
moons,
Or boughs bend over, close and quiet
as death,—

"Unconscious and unpassionate and
still
Cloud-like we lean and stare as bright
leaves stare,
And gradually along the stranger hill
Our unwalled loves thin out on vacuous air,

"And suddenly there's no meaning in
our kiss,
And your lit upward face grows,
where we lie
Lonelier and dreadfuller than sunlight is
And dumb and mad and eyeless like
the sky."

I hesitated about giving space to the last stanza, and quoted it solely on the merits of its last line. It seems so often thus with Rupert Brooke's poetry. There is an enormous difference between his poems, and often even a difference between lines and stanzas of the same poem. There is an astounding amount of mediocrity and a smaller amount of actual cheapness. It is always presumptuous to attempt an analysis of anything so personal as poetry. One feels as though one had no right to weigh the dearest passions of a man's heart, which are those he sings in poetry, and it appears almost too Shylockian to probe insistently after the flaws of this, his tenderest flesh. But if we are positive that what we want is understanding added to judgment, sympathy after comprehension, then a calculating survey of his work must be made.

"The Song of the Beasts" is one of a comparatively small number which do succeed in sustaining the emotion which is some part they set for themselves. It is a too frequent occurrence when banality falls like a dead weight in the middle of a passage of glorious poetry, and it is a fault which greatly disfigures his work. It is best explained by a specific example. His poem, "Blue Evening," begins with this stanza:

"My restless blood now lies a-quiver
Knowing that always, exquisitely,
This April twilight on the river
Stirs anguish in the heart of me."

The poem dribbles on in much the same mediocre way for three quatrains, until the fifth and sixth stanzas.

"My agony made the willows quiver;
I heard the knocking of my heart
Die loudly down the windless river,
I heard the pale skies fall apart,

"And the shrill stars' unmeaning
laughter,
And my voice with the vocal trees
Weeping. And Hatred followed after,
Shrilling madly down the breeze."

In his propensity toward writing poetry of the finest degree and of the most worthless, Rupert Brooke is as young and immature as he always shows himself to be. In the first stanza of the three just quoted, in the sextet of "Waikiki," there is nothing which has the least die of poetry. The line, "Stirs anguish in the heart of me" is puerile and without any mark of distinction. But in the same poem, he writes, "I heard the pale skies fall apart." The poetical imagery is superb, the effects of enormous emotion and of breaking ecstacy are perfectly achieved.

In "The Call" there is an even more striking change from power to weakness, from the poetic to the inartistic.

"I'll break and forge the stars anew,
Shatter the heavens with a song,
Immortal in my love for you
Because I love you very strong."

Reading this stanza I received something the same sensation that I get when I am mistaken in the number of stairs I have to climb, and think I have one more to mount when I am already at the top. The exalted plane of the first three lines drops an incredible distance to the last one.

If it has been necessary to criticize as harshly as this the defects of Rupert Brooke's poetry, it is just as necessary that we emphasize even more strongly the beauty which he has created. He sings his own elegy when he writes,

"My night shall be remembered for a
star
That outshone all the suns of all
men's days."

For the smoky glimmer of "Wagner," or the feeble candlelight of "The Beginning," he will be forgotten. But for the sweet star of his youth, the bright star of his passionate living, he should be remembered. The youth which Rupert Brooke has lived, and whose soul he has succeeded in portraying through his poetry, is a thing of man's eternity. When the time has come that man is born ancient, Rupert Brooke's poetry will have no meaning, and his singing will awake no response. But until that time, the strong free spirit of youth, with all its risings and fallings, its triumphs and failures, its glorious struggles and its helpless weaknesses, will live in the heart of his poems.

SEARCH

We lay beside a clear blue bay.
You said, "Let's climb a hill today,
I want to go up very high;
I like the clouds against the sky."
But you had quite forgot, I guess,
The everlasting next your dress.

We climbed the hill. And, looking
down,
You said with a tiny fretful frown,
"The loveliest thing that I have seen
Is that blue bay against the green."
And you were trampling down a mass
Of blue delphinium in the grass.

Helen Kaufmann, 1927.

DANCE OF THE HOURS

And when the summer moon is bright,
And clean-edged, like a lance,
A mist-grey band of revellers
Sways to an ancient dance.

The tempo slow, the measure faint,
With light step, hand in hand,
In moonlit quietness they tread
A minor sarabande.

Their forms so slim, so strangely
pale,
Against the forest-side,
They move; and moon-blurred trees
are dark,
Behind them as they glide.

These phantom figures, lingering,
These dancers of the moon—
Why do they swing so silently
To such an old, old tune?

Fair—yet so uncouth, dear Chloë!
How can you my true love keep,
When your snores like small tin daggers,
Pierce the fabric of my sleep?

ON CAPTIOUSNESS

Even the sea is beginning to annoy me. Why does it roll so vigorously when I have just completed an entirely too hearty meal for a sea-going traveler? It was folly for me to eat that Russian caviar . . . it never does agree with me. Oh, yes, I remember how it happened; I was just about to tell the waiter to remove it, when my attention was distracted by that fascinating brunette across the table. Why do women always have to interfere in a man's affairs, anyhow, and particularly at a crucial moment like that? Now, I shall be ill the remainder of the evening, I presume, and I didn't bring my indigestion tablets along . . . forgot all about buying some until I got to the pier yesterday, and then it was too late. Oh, I suppose that I could have told Cousin Agnes and the flock of girls she had with her please to excuse me until I run over to the drug store to get some pills? I can see now what would have happened; in spite of me, the whole mob would have followed me to the store. No, indigestion isn't so bad, after all!

Looks like a rough night ahead, and that means more discomfiture. As far as I can see, the great, frothy swells are unbroken and undeviating. I don't see what some people are thinking of to rave about this fresh, tangy, salt air; it's taking all of the creases out of my newly pressed dinner coat. I think probably that the sunset is really worth seeing, but who can view anything through these great clouds of black smoke? Everything is sticky . . . even the pages of "The Constant Nymph" feel wet and inspirationless. I told that steward not to put my chair down here by the funnels . . . infundibulum . . . queer how I always think of the Latin for everything when I never did like to study it. No wonder I'm getting a cold; I knew it! This steamer rug was left out during the shower this afternoon, and it hasn't dried out yet. The dank atmosphere isn't bad enough in itself, but must be augmented by moist shin-bones as well. Gad, the service this trip is poor! I guess that I shouldn't have been in such a rush, and waited for the *Majestic* next week as I first planned. She has twice as much tonnage, and her crew doesn't seem to be absolutely "as one" to make a chap uncomfortable. The deck, shadowy now in the last rays of the late sun, is almost deserted. Already a haze is engulfing the great liner, and the ocean is fading into oblivion. I suppose that I should do my six around and work off the ill effects of that caviar, but this may be the only solitude I'll have for some time; so I'm going to enjoy myself a bit. Enjoy? Was that what I said? If anyone could read my jumbled thoughts now, I doubt if he would be deceived. Sometimes I wish that I could really feel as others think I do. There's a keen joy in being unsophisticated which can never be recaptured, no matter how hard one tries, after it has once been lost.

Guess I'll have a smoke. . . . Soon it will be time to go down to the ballroom, and once more become a part of the beau monde.

"Oh, I say, I'm awfully sorry about that! It was an unexpected gust . . . blew out my match, too, but not before I burned my fingers. Sure it didn't do any damage? I'll be more careful next time."

If I had to scatter cigarette sparks on anyone, why couldn't it have been a man? The girl in the next chair is really attractive, but at least I'm safely past the age where I can be deceived by any woman. I do wish that she wouldn't let that scarf blow out like that; it may go overboard any minute. I won't say that the process of learning wasn't painful at times, but it is worth a lot now to know that all women really are alike. They are all fascinating, and charming, and alluring . . . but untrustworthy. Five times out of ten they don't mean a thing they say,—two minutes after it is said. They know how to chatter pleasantly and amusingly, and many a poor chap succumbs, and finds himself married before he realizes his great mistake. Some day I would like to "hold forth" on this subject, but I don't suppose that there is anyone who would listen. It isn't as though I were a philosopher or a poet or even a professor, for then my opinions would be well received and carefully weighed, however unusual they might be. But since I am only what is commonly known as a cynic, there is little that I could avail myself by revealing my true personality to the casual observer.

Why do plump hostesses with marriageable daughters, or nieces, or friends continually introduce me as that "delightfully enigmatical and intriguingly sophisticated young bachelor whom I have spoken of before?" There really isn't any mystery about me at all, if they only knew it. I'm so damn plain to myself that it hardly seems possible that others do not comprehend me equally well. They don't, however, and they never have. I'm sure that it would save me a great deal of bother and worry if I could but bring myself to reveal my true nature upon all occasions. No, that probably wouldn't do, either. It is not that I try to conceal my ideas, but I suppose it is the natural result of my careful early training and my inherent respect for the delicate which prevents me from disclosing my philosophy to all with whom I come in contact.

Now, I suppose there are some people who would be overjoyed at the thought of an extended European trip as the representative of the New York Bar Association, but to me it is nothing less than a laborious undertaking. I have seen everything in England and on the Continent that is worth seeing . . . not once, but many times. There is nothing new or interesting any place for me now. It was different my first trip . . . when I was still in college . . . before I had even thought of taking up Law. That trip was a regular lark, but it was all very silly. Everywhere there were women! It often bothered me considerably to find myself embroiled in so many unexpected and unplanned for love affairs. I never really feel romantic myself, at least not in the truest and highest sense, and yet for some reason or other the girls seem to find me attractive. It is not that I am particularly blessed with the attributes of Apollo or any other Greek god . . . I know better than that. Aside from being tall and lean and fashionable in a moderately conservative manner, I don't know what anyone could say about me. It isn't my appearance that interests anyone especially, but my innate amiability attracts them before I realize it. Perhaps it is because there is nothing at all that I really like or enjoy that I find it so hellishly easy to say and do the most surprisingly nice things . . . convincingly. I know that by so doing I am merely strengthening my own philosophy. I am just as untrustworthy as the rest of the world. I never *really* like anything . . . therefore it amuses me to say that I do. Other people don't see what is so plain to me, and take my words seriously. As a result, they like me, but because they never know what lies back of my words there is always a bit of . . .. something about me which they do not understand. Perhaps it would be better if I could change my nature, but I doubt it. . . . even if it were possible. Damn this salt air; can't even smoke in peace. This raw, chilly wind feels more like November than July! What a magic month that was; let me see, was it really thirteen years ago that there was joy in living? It was on the island of Capri . . . I can remember those piercing blue skies yet, and the girl! Oh, there was life, but . . .

What's this? A scarf under my chair? At least the charming young damosel is a bit more original than some; at times it is a handkerchief, at others a purse, or gloves, but it is always something . . . *always*. Yes, she *is* pretty. I'll have to do it . . . it's her scarf, and we both want to dance. Poor child . . . she's young and unsophisticated, and I'm afraid she'll like me. Oh, well, nothing matters, anyhow, for there isn't such a thing as truth.

Dorothe M. Leonard, 1926.

FOR THE FACE OF A CLOCK

Each hour is like a jewelled cup,
Containing essence of sweet wine.
Then drink and quietly resign
Your goblet when the time is up.

Helen Burd Dickson, 1928.

EDITORIAL

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
RUTH REINHART, 1926

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EDITORIAL

The *Literary Supplement* wishes to express its gratitude to all those who have contributed material to the recent contest, and its pleasure in including in the present issue the poem and the stories winning the awards. Although it had been previously announced that two equal awards, one for a story and one for an essay, would be given, the dearth of essay material led the judges to transfer that prize to the story group.

We have been asked to announce another literary contest in the *Supplement* columns. The editor of *Harper's Magazine* sends the following notice: "We are planning another annual competition to be conducted under the auspices of *Harper's Magazine*, which shall be aimed particularly at students in groups of selected American universities and colleges. The Magazine offers three cash prizes: a first prize of $500, a second prize of $300, and a third prize of $200 to undergraduate students entered, who during the months of the college year from November 1st to May 1st, produce the best piece of English prose: fiction, essay, or article. Manuscripts submitted should not be more than 4000 words in length. The final board with whom the award will rest will be made up of Christopher Morley, Zona Gale and William McFee. The contribution winning the first prize will be published in *Harper's Magazine*, which reserves the right to publish also the manuscripts of the second and third prize winners and to purchase other manuscripts in the competition."

Although this announcement reached the editorial board after the November issue of the *Supplement* had gone to press, we feel that it is not too late for Wellesley to be entered in the contest. According to the regulations, each college may submit not more than three manuscripts. These must be chosen with the advice of the Department of English, by the *Supplement* board. All contestants are urged to type their material, and append their full name, and class rank, state that they are contestants, and leave the copy in the familiar purple box, under the News Bulletin Board in the Administration Building, by April 20.

SHALL WE DANCE?

There is a flavor about the dances we now attend that is distinctly different from the flavor of the dances that Evelina went to. In Evelina's day balls were stately, beautiful parties where the very fair were, as a matter of course, singled out by the most courtly of periwigs and most shining of shoe-buckles. The very fair, too, were deserving of the greatest attention. The haughty beauty was inevitably outshone by the winsome sweetness and shy reluctant loveliness of the young bud. Things were as they should be.

Consider what a state we are in now. How often is it that we attend, in our youthful hopefulness, balls that we think are to be really balls, and how often is it that we are crushed, beaten back against the wall, as it were, in that first hour of glorious anticipation.

Can there be something peculiarly wanting in the male of today, a lack of discrimination perhaps, a dullness of perception? The sweet tafettas blow unnoticed about the ball-room, smiling for smiles as they finger the cords of their party bags, or balloon across the room on wavering heels to the distant haven of the cloak room. No friendly eye lights with pleasure on discovering the solitary creature. No familiar form advances from the huddle of critical youth to claim her hand for the next. All eyes are on the glitter, the sparkle of enamelled gowns and impertinent laughter. From all directions vain youth lurches to the side of the haughty beauty.

Perhaps it is the tafetta dress that ruins one's chances in the race for recognition. My sister and I once went to a dance in sprigged tafettas with cherry colored party bags. "We should have known then", we said, "that we entered under a handicap." Our evening was a misery to us. Every time we sought to sidle inconspicuously out of the room the breeze roused by our haste caught in the fulsome tafetta and made it belly out like sails before the wind. My sister, however, had less trouble than I. She could dance and say bright little things that made her sullen partner smile. I spent most of the evening billowing about the room between long engagements. My sister was lucky too in getting a partner in the grand march to supper and was led off in triumph to the conservatory, where I could see her lodged happily under a palm. Her partner sought to lure some couples to join their table, but was unsuccessful, so she had the field to herself. I somehow hadn't lined up quickly enough in the march and lost my partner in the fray, as did a few other unlucky girls. We were all rounded up at one table in the big dining room and our hostess came and sat with us. The table was known as the odd-girl table. So much for the tafetta dress.

And yet the fault can not be all the man's, for surely man is half the dance. It can not be all the gown, for I have seen dresses go out manfully only to come back again mocking the wearer's heavy heart, her former twinkling heels and radiant eyes, the gems all turned to tinsel. I have seen some tafettas go forth and cut a wide wake on the crowded floor, a bright atom drawing from the "horrid mass" with ever increasing attraction. Can it be that the fault lies in the girl? It is true that today the little violet has less chance of coming into her own than she had when Evelina was in London. Circumstances are not the same. Then a gentleman might claim a dance and modestly retire without being encumbered with the little violet for the rest of the evening. Now, Woe betide the lady who takes a false start and the gentleman who not only introduces her to the floor but is forced to see her through to the finish. She, poor creature, may be smothered in self-consciousness, drowned within herself, buried in depths of soundlessness amid the roar, but he, given even a depth of sympathy and appreciation is bored, broken in spirit after the fortieth round, helpless. A word may struggle from the silence, meet the hunting and hunted look on the gentleman's face float for a minute and dissolve. Then down, down, she goes and round and round and round. There is no relief, no opportunity for hasty withdrawal and later proud return. It must be round and round or retreat, ignominious, humiliating retreat. "I am tired, so tired, if you'll excuse me, call my car. . . ." Heartbreaking, small satisfaction even to the most long-tried youth.

One can not be a violet, a lovely timid Evelina at a ball now-a-days and wail that the dance has been too short. Even the most gallant of gallants the most persevering of heart-breakers would hesitate to return to Evelina having once escaped safely. He would indeed be a fool who would rush in. Now one thing alone is indispensable and there is but this one key to success. Talk. There must be a gay line of patter, volatile, continuous, inexhaustible, on, on into the night, chatter of indifferent subject matter, complemented with a smile of indifferent character, sparkling, suggestive, guileless, only let it be flatteringly intent, absorbingly interested, and let it be done with style. Modesty abuses itself, wit stands to nothing, grace has long been a thing of the past, the line is the thing, the apt, the taking, the seasonable, the mode of the minute, the vogue *par excellence*.

COMMENT

THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION

The Italian Government has authorized the exhibition of paintings and sculptures now on view at the Boston Museum presumably for propaganda purposes—an attempt to "sell Italy" to America. It is in many ways a very interesting collection, covering an artistic era which saw possibly greater changes in treatment and in purpose than any equal length of time in the world's history. It ranges from the pretty superficialities of the late nineteenth century—represented by Mancini and Boldoni—through the ultra-realist school, and including a few cubistic works. In sculpture the variety is no less marked, though it seems to me that here the individuality and purely national character has been better preserved.

To first mention the paintings, we find here a motley group, headed by Boldini with his portrait of Whistler, distinctly in the Whistlerian manner itself, and the pictorially brilliant canvas entitled *After the Ball*, which is quite French both in spirit and subject,—a highly colored and romantic treatment of the end of a Mardi-Gras. There are twelve canvases by Mancini which, despite his great renown have always affected me as the immature daubs of a rather sophisticated child. The portrait entitled *Azaleas* has a certain distinction and a richness of color which make it memorable, despite the general messiness of technique that chiefly characterizes Mancini's work. Proceeding around the room, we come upon some of the more recent works: the crude, rather vigorous color effects of M. Donghi, whose *Fortune Teller* fairly hits you between the eyes, and to whose sqat *Washerwomen* one must concede great strength and virility. We personally could have dispensed with the painting entitled the *Stairway*, by the same artist in which are depicted a table surmounted by six very white eggs, and a dull green flight of steps in the background. There are many examples of the younger Italian experimentalist group among which stand out in memory the *Portrait of Signor Beria* by Felice Casorati with its delicacy and suggestiveness of characterization, and the powerful and sensitive picture by Mariano Sironi,—*The Architect*. There are also two rather bad studies of Chinese women which are a strong argument in favor of oriental treatment of oriental subjects. The restraint and fine brush work, the reverence for line that characterizes a Chinese print has rather spoiled one's taste for this flamboyant burst of color. To the young portrait painter, Arturo Noci, goes our personal olive crown for the exquisite lady in grey which he has entitled enigmatically *Portrait*. We are indubitably prejudiced in this preference because the lady reminds us so poignantly of the patrician, *Mme. X*, who for a long time has graced the walls of the Luxembourg. This lady has the same regal air, the same delicately stenciled features, and the same marvelous expression of unworldly loveliness.

The collection of sculptures also presents some very interesting material, and here also the range in development is equally remarkable. One sees first the cool and graceful figure of a *Nymph*, by Arturo Dazzi. She is very lovely and very calm, quite in the classical tradition except for the individualization of her features. There is a strange *bas relief* by Alberto Gerardi, of his baby daughter. It has a certain appeal, but its unfinished appearance lends it a definitely weird expression. There are a few exhibits in what resembles yellow soap more closely than anything else, and whereas one of them purports to be a portrait of a woman—for Signor Rosso has entitled it *The Servant*—I am unable to concede the others with any significance whatsoever. There is a small plump girl also by Signor Dazzi, who is dressed in a pinafore and clutching a very round apple in each hand, that is perfectly delightful. But by far the most distinguished work in the exhibit is that of Adolfo Wildt. His highly polished marble head, entitled *Nun* is exquisite in workmanship, sympathetic in treatment. His *bas relief*, *Maria* is equally impressive, as is the profile which he has called *Victory*, and his self-portrait, deeply chiseled and terrible in expression.

BORROWED PROGRESSIONS

A certain divine economy marks the art of this world. Balzac or Aristotle or perhaps Mr. H. L. Mencken (according to the generation, of course) is credited with exclaiming on the paucity of themes upon which man has become eloquent—a paucity never so aptly exemplified as by the exclamation itself. At any rate, the thrift of the Muses in this respect has had a great effect on mankind. It is probably the reason why Homer spent so considerable a time talking about the sulkiness of one Greek soldier. It is also why the decade before us went back through one of Beethoven's chamber works to an old Welsh marching song for the tune of the "Merry Widow" waltz.

Illustrating this redundancy as it runs through music, Mr. John Tasker Howard recently showed us how a nocturne of Chopin had been translated into the "Beautiful Month of May." (He might likewise have mentioned the reincarnation of the D flat nocturne in the classic bars of "I Love You.") Then he demonstrated how, in turn, authoritative composers have used popular melodies, modestly illustrating from his own works.

His second point might have been driven farther, had Mr. Howard attended the Boston Symphony orchestra's recent performance of Mr. John Gilbert's new *Symphonic Piece*. Through the medium of the descriptive notes, Mr. Gilbert explains that "many of his young friends have pressed him to tell them what it's all about." He admits, then, that his aim has been to represent "certain aspects of the American character" which, to quote his inimitable phrasing, he feels has "plenty of jingoism, vulgarity and 'Hurrah Boys!'; but the spirit of the new birth underlies all, for him who can see it. . . . So the first theme has in it some of the 'Hurrah Boys' character. The second theme . . . contains a remote suggestion of *Old Folks at Home* . . . , interspersed with a couple of measures from *The Arkansas Traveler*. "But let it be said," he concludes, "that, although I am a great believer in the songs of the people as possible bases for national art compositions, these two suggestions (neither used verbatim) are the only folk suggestions I have used in this composition."

What Mr. Gilbert fails to mention in this scrupulous account is his rather flagrant insertion—one of the few vital elements in the piece—of the opening measures of what is popularly known as *Limehouse Blues*. Whether the insertion was unconscious on Mr. Gilbert's part, or whether he thought the matter unworthy of mention to so cultured a public as the Boston audience, it is hard to say. At any venture the sturdy syncopation is unmistakeable—which the rather cloying adaptation of Foster's piece was not.

And while music is our subject—a new meteor has flashed across the horizon of orchestral Boston. Paul Hindemith's *Concerto* played for the first time in New England on March 6, gave an admirable illustration of what a modernist can accomplish with classic form. Mr. Hindemith has written an "atonal fugue," which is as congruous as our mid-Victorian adaptations of Gothic architecture. Take nearly any contrapuntal piece, play each voice in a different key, and you approximate the result. At the risk of being classed by a potential Mr. I. H. Fricke in a post-Wagnerian list of disapprovers, we can only sigh a little with Richard Strauss, and admit that the composition has rhythm. So has iambic pentameter, scanned in nonsense syllables.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Hounds of Spring. Sylvia Thompson. Little Brown & Co., 1926.

The once famous Mr. Hutchinson seems to have started quite a popular mode when he used the quotation from Shelley's *West Wind*, as a title to his book. Just what was the connection between title and content we have always been at a loss to determine, and here comes Miss Thompson quoting from Swinburne quite as ineptly. However, it is a nice title, and to all intents and purposes the book's only claim to distinction. For if ever a mediocrity was launched upon an unsuspecting public, and highly praised by the CRITICS to boot, the present volume is it. Miss Thompson has couched her bread and milk story in mildly pleasant English prose, and the first quarter of the book floats along unobtrusively enough on the gentle tide of her style. One basks in the sunshine of an English garden amid a group of total nonentities who comprise the mother, sister, brother, nurse and lover of our heroine, whom Miss Thompson has cruelly dubbed Zina (doubtless to produce an effect of novelty). We have omitted Zina's father from the above category because he seems to have retained some shreds of personality, and a mild, slightly bewildered charm, coupled with a rather hackneyed philosophy and the remnants of an Austrian accent. He has during the long years of his residence in England been knighted by a grateful foster-country for some obscure reason, but he thus spares his creator the accusation of being pro-German and of other horrid epithets.

Well, the war comes, as seemed not too inevitable, and Colin, the fiancé, and John, the brother, depart in all boyish enthusiasm, while the females of the Renner family devote their time and thought to making bandages and hoeing weeds, as so many English heroines did. Colin is reported "missing: believed killed," thereby causing in the reader's mind the strong suspicion that something is going to bring him back again after a long bout of shell shock or something. And that is exactly what happens. But not before Zina, competely demoralized, marries George Barret-Saunderson, divorced, and in comparison with the unforgotten Colin, very beefy and banal. Zina has also produced an heir to the Barret-Saunderson line about whom she is fairly indifferent; so that when in the midst of a hotly contested by-election in which George is running, Colin is suddenly discovered, it is a matter of only a moment's hesitation before Zina leaves her child and husband, and departs for Fiesole with the poetical and impecunious Colin. A postscript finds them still living in idyllic bliss, and the message that Miss Thompson wishes to leave with her reader is apparently that if you provide a man with an heir or two, and see him safely installed in a political berth you are at perfect liberty to go off with a former lover at the earliest possible opportunity, provided you have loved him long and ardently enough.

The tale is told against a background of English country life, Oxford and Vienna, just after the war; and though we don't claim to be widely read there doesn't seem to be a single element that Miss Thompson has introduced into this book that hundreds of her predecessors have not also mentioned.

Spanish Bayonet. Stephen Vincent Benét. New York, George H. Doran Company, 1926.

It is rather difficult to tell from Mr. Benét's latest book whether he is still pursuing the art for which he revealed so naked a yearning in his earliest attempt, or whether he is beginning to prostitute it. The jacket informs us that *Spanish Bayonet* is "a swinging romance of colorful Florida in Revolutionary days," and while it is not quite that, it unfortunately is not very far removed from such description. One begins by wishing that Mr. Benét had not chosen to revive the past—we are having so many pieces of it porcelainized at present. And this particular part of the past seems to have finally reached a second death, so that reviving it consists more or less of propping the corpse in an amiable pose.

Perhaps it is for this reason that the plot is conventional—obtrusively so in its several dramatic moments—and the characters unreal figures endowed with unmistakably inferior or superior qualities. The hero himself is a negative, impressionable creature and as such, might easily fit in with Shakespeare's heroes according to Dr. Johnson's description. All this would be very well if Mr. Benét were making one of Elinor Wylie's precise mirror tales with their deliberately stilted figures. But he is not, and the pity of it lies in the fact that he occasionally borrows from Mrs. Wylie's style, as when he says,

"Presently he would go up to his room with the India chintz hangings, and, if he had his wish, would die among its printed flowers like an insect crushed between leaves of painted paper."

In fact, *Spanish Bayonet* seems fairly synthetic when one finds intermingled with the distinct traces of Joseph Hergesheimer in both mood and description. And not so strange as it would seem is this combination of the brittle perfection of Elinor Wylie's writing and the lush quality of Mr. Hergesheimer's.

This, of course, is not true of the whole book, but it is true that Mr. Benét has spoiled what tried to be a polished, artificial tale by dragging in real emotions and a rather immature psychology. It is almost as though one had wanted to imitate both Oscar Wilde and Conrad, and had attempted to do both in the same book.

On the other hand, *Spanish Bayonet* is actually very good reading with a distinct flavor. It is true that Mr. Benét has a certain style—his descriptions are frequently very fine in concreteness and suggestion. I have nothing but admiration for the many paragraphs of such writing throughout the book. From these signs it is clear that when Mr. Benét forgets to watch his contemporaries, he will produce some fine writing.

The Private Life of Helen of Troy. John Erskine. Bobbs Merrill, 1925.

A professor at Columbia University has joined the ranks of those who improve on the classics. He has supplemented Homer, filled out the details of character, and carried the tale through to the troubles of the next generation. The story has become one of those intimate family novels that are now so much the fashion.

Although Helen still has

"The face that launched a thousand ships"

we see it as a profoundly disturbing factor of domestic tranquility. It gives her the power to dare to be frank. She can admit that she caused the war, that she did all the scandalous things that were charged to her, but she knows that men will be still charmed by her beauty and other women will continue to be envious. Her great beauty has given her power to break any old rule of society that hinders the expression of her true self. It enables her to promulgate a radical philosophy, and convince all men of its truth. Of course, with such attraction for men, she has long since learned how to manage them. Her flattery, her persuasive power, and her way of getting around any difficulties indeed, showed to an impersonal and unprejudiced onlooker that she was not as innocent as she looked. The only difficulty was that when Helen was around there could be no such impersonal or unprejudiced watcher. That was the great trouble, —or was it the great advantage?

It was really disturbing to Hermione to have a mother, who would not take a place of second importance in attractiveness, even when it was her daughter's turn to be the

center of attraction. It was hard on Menelaos, too, to have such an over stimulating wife. He is a man who would like to occupy a nice respectable place in society; but what can the poor man expect with such an unconventional beauty for a wife? It is with these intimate reactions that "The Private Life" concerns itself.

All the traditionally heroic size of the characters has disappeared. The motives for actions are no longer soul-inspiring. Was Orestes really a martyr to duty? Or was he merely a murderer? Was Helen to blame for the war, or was Menelaos? Somehow nothing seems to be Helen's fault, after reading this statement of her case, yet everything hinges upon Helen. It is all rather complicated,—but so is Helen herself.

On the surface, however, the book is perfectly clear. Of course it is not in verse but in heroic prose. The manner is conversational with the minimum of exposition. Whole chapters have nothing except direct quotations and phrases "said Helen," or "Menelaos said." It gives a wonderful chance for Helen, and the others to tell their points of view, and for the accounts of events to be made by the person who is most capable of doing it with gusto. There can be no question but that the whole book is interesting. Perhaps it is not as powerful as Homer, but it is far more likely to be read by the public today, than the Iliad or the Oddyssey. It may seem incongruous that the sequel should be so purely satirical, but it is to be remembered that tastes, as well as a good many other things have changed in the few thousand years that have elapsed betwen Homer and Mr. John Erskine.

The Pilgrim of Eternity, by John Drinkwater. New York, Doran, 1925. $4.50.

"Byron—a Conflict," John Drinkwater has inscribed as the subtitle of this new volume. And perhaps the author meant the innuendo his words suggest. For the life of the young nobleman who rose so swiftly to perilous heights, and fell trailing light like a comet, has always been a conflict in its own proper elements, and a subject for controversy in the opinions of others. Unlike so many writers, Byron's actions cannot be dismissed as we turn to his art: the two are inextricably interwoven and one is the complement of the other. Moreover, even adding his poems to what we know of his life, we cannot say of any part, "This is right, and that wrong." It is impossible to judge, ignorant as we are of the thousand complexities which rendered the man so incomprehensible, yet so attractive an enigma.

We can, nevertheless, make inquiry, not with impudence, not with impertinent curiosity, and not always with understanding, but at least with sympathy, into the events which began and brought his career, through troublous passages, to its close. It is this which Mr. Drinkwater has done, scrutinizing his facts from many angles, weighing the reliability of witnesses, and building up only such characterizations of the principal actors as we can actually find recorded. He very rarely makes those erring sweeps of imaginary interpretation which have, in the past, tainted works on the same poet. Yet his document, perhaps because of its authentic perspective of vision, has far more intrinsic charm than any of these fictions.

The subject matter of the "life" is eminently familiar. E. Barrington has treated the general scope of events with less clarity of style, and less accuracy of judgment in the *Glorious Apollo.* But Miss Barrington followed the story by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, purporting to be that of Lady Byron, and about as indicative of actuality as Mrs. Stowe's more famous invective against slave conditions. Mr. Drinkwater, on the other hand, has gleaned a more complete summary of incidents, dealing through primary sources with the picturesque early journey with Hobhouse, etc., and not omitting, with the curious carelessness of Miss Barrington, the hours which Byron must have spent composing his voluminous works.

That the Byron of Mr. Drinkwater's work is not saintly nor yet Mephistophelean is perhaps one of its most commendable virtues. Our concern is, for a relief, not with the morals so much as the buoyant spirit of the man, wasting itself with so prodigal and so tragic an energy against the inevitable issues of life.

SIX NEW BIOGRAPHIES

The last few years, and especially the last few months, have produced such an overflow of a certain type of literary work that, were the medium different, we should fancy ourselves back in the age of Roman Portraiture. Witness the six new biographies referred to in the column of "Clippings." Five of these books are about Americans, four about contemporary Americans, and all six go into such minute detail that one emerges knowing their subjects down to the last brain cell and chin whisker.

This movement is the result of the modern photographic trend in literature. Ever since *Main Street* we have insisted on the face, the whole mind, and nothing but the facts. If we do not recognize in the current best seller the breakfast food, tooth-paste, and gestures which we use, or see there all the ideas and half-felt emotions which sift through our own brains, then thumbs down!—let the author retire from the arena a wiser, since poorer, man. Next time, if he read his carcards diligently, he may have better luck. The animal actuality of the Dreiser, and the minute psychological records of the Morleys have spoiled us for the imaginative, the romantic and the impossible. Our taste has been formed by the *American Magazine;* (we love our "captains of industry" and we cling to actuality); so avaunt, ye "waggish fauns, and satyrs stark,"—and as for you, Clarissa Harlowe, "Get thee to a nunnery."

CLIPPINGS

An American Tragedy by Theodore Dreiser.

"Every moment of a bell-hop's day, including his night adventures . . by an honest man, but no artist."

Calvin Coolidge: the Man who is President by William Allen White.

"Author struck by the coincidence of the similarity between the Coolidge temper and the temper of his time. He remarks 'Moses was slow of speech and of a slow tongue, Coolidge, looking down his nose, seems as "meek as Moses." He isn't. Neither was Moses.'"

Madame Recamier by Edouard Herriot.

"It is a good biography—and is, like her pictures, distinctly a full-length portrait."

Abraham Lincoln by Carl Sandburg.

"Sandburg has achieved the crowning success of having done one book that he, of all men now living, was specially designated to do."

"A masterpiece . . a glowingly beautiful piece of prose."

The New Negro Edited by Alaine Locke.

"A milestone. . . The youth movement recorded herein does not propose to be told by anyone where it will stop—it goes its way asking alms and favours of nobody, and cares little for race obstacles."

Life and Letters of John Burroughs by Clara Barrus.

"The first volume, which carries the leisurely story to his sixty-fifth year reads well enough, but it is to be feared that only those who believe Burroughs worthy of immortal regard will survive the second, which begins with his sixty-fifth year and tends to oscillate monotonously between small events and large honours."

The Man Mencken by Isaac Goldberg.

"The author can handle a dozen South Americas with ease, but paws over Mr. Mencken like the traditional blind man trying to find out the nature of the elephant. . . Beneath a democratic equality of insignificant facts, the individuality of America's foremost individualist is almost totally submerged."

Memoirs of William Jennings Bryan by Himself and His Wife.

"It might well be entitled 'The Personal Memoirs of a Knight Errant,' it is just that glamorous, gaudy and unreal."